

Bryan Morning Eagle.

Vol IV. No. 188.

BRYAN, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1899

Price 5 Cents.

COFFEE ROASTING!

Is one of our specialties, no longer an experiment with us. Always fresh, uniform roast. Requires no re-roasting to give it that flavor that our fresh roasted coffee has.

Climax Coffee 8 lbs for \$1
Batavia Blend 6 lbs for \$1
Java Blend Coffee 4 lbs \$1

We will not only give you a better COFFEE for your money, but will grind some free of charge. We have recently bought a large COFFEE MILL with a capacity of 90 pounds per hour.

Royal Blend Tea

For iced tea is unsurpassed. For the BEST Telephone

HOWELL BROS.,

Grocers and Coffee Roasters.

"The I. & G. N."

THE ILLUSTRATOR AND GENERAL

NARRATOR OF FACTS

ABOUT TEXAS

A handsomely illustrated monthly publication 20 pages, engraved covers in colors, issued by the I & G. N. R. R. descriptive of the matchless resources of, and for the encouragement of intelligent farming, and industrial and general enterprise in East, South, and South-west Texas. First issue during March.

Will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents in stamps or otherwise, to cover postage for one year, or of two cents to cover postage on sample copy. Address:

D. J. PRICE, G. P. & T. A.,
Palestine, Texas

I AM GIVING SPECIAL ATTENTION TO....

Saddle and Harness Repairing

AND CARRIAGE TRIMMING.

And can make or order anything you need in my line at Reasonable prices.

HERBERT CAMPBELL.

NEXT DOOR TO KANDY KITCHEN.

FRANKLIN BROS.

Butchers and Meat Dealers.

We Buy Hides, Wool and Pelts

Markets under Odd Fellow Building and next door to John B. Mike store.

ICE DELIVERED!

My ice wagon is now running and will DELIVER ICE to any part of the city.

I AM AGENT FOR

MAGNOLIA AND LEMP BEER.

Telephone 154.

CHAS. VESMIROVSKI.

TOM SMITH RESCUED!

Mr. W. H. Harper of Benchley, while in The Eagle office today, related his experience in the flood. He and Mr. Dixon, night operator at Benchley, got into a wagon bed and went down the river in search of Mr. Tom Smith, who has at various times been reported drowned, but is now known to be safe.

Messrs Harper and Dixon started Saturday afternoon, and arrived near Smith's residence Sunday afternoon, but got tangled up in the brush, and could go no further in their clumsy conveyance. So they went back home, and went back Sunday, to the foot of the hill on the Mumford road, and there learned of the rescue of Mr. Smith. He was taken off his residence about 12 o'clock Sunday, where he had been since Wednesday, not having eaten since Wednesday morning. He remained in his house a day or so, but finally had to get out on the roof. He drank Brazos river water, and said it was not good. Mr. Harper saw him shortly after the rescue, and said he was a sorry looking sight.

Kurten News.

The rain clouds have bursted asunder and the glittering rays of golden sunshine have once more visited the homes of many who were becoming dishearted, with the constant showers of the past week and who look forward at present for the brilliant rays of the sun, to help bring our mother earth back to her former condition.

Among the visitors from Kurten to Cottonwood Sunday were Tal Tobias, S. W. Edge, V. B. Edge and Denton Edge.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Shaw of Cottonwood visited at Kurten Sunday.

Misses Maggie Wilson and Minnie Allen, of Benchley, were visitors to Kurten the past week.

Miss Lizzie Wheelers, of Fickey, was a pleasant visitor to Kurten the past week.

The rains the past week delayed the work on Drummond's new residence—but the carpenters are again at work. White Rose.

A Sad Joke.

There are many jokes which cause more sorrow than joy; and some of them are followed by regret, shame and life-long remorse. The San Antonio Express gives an instance of a practical joke played upon a pupil in the high school. Her friends solicited her to be a candidate for their votes as "Queen of the May." She yielded to their solicitations. Her mates promised to vote for her, even writing her name on slips of paper and showing them to her, until the ambitious child's hopes were raised to the highest pitch. When the hour arrived for counting votes it showed only one vote for her. The poor child laid her head on her desk and cried bitterly. She went home and was taken ill. The illness soon developed into brain fever. Through all her sickness her heated brain constantly turned on the cruel joke. In a few days she died. We ask the young readers to remember this "sad joke." It is never so smart or funny to say or do anything that may wound another.—Albany News.

A Call to Action.

The populists of Precinct 4, will meet at the courthouse on Saturday the 8th day of July, 1899, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of organizing a precinct club and any other business that may be necessary to the interest of the party.

D. D. Dawson, Pre. Ch'm.
Bryan, June 28, 1899.

Smoke General Arthur cigars—best on earth—sold at the Exposition saloon.

WORK ON BRIDGES.

The county commissioners met yesterday to consider and act on the condition of roads and bridges. The results of investigation by the commissioners showed the damages to the bridges to be fully as bad as anticipated and estimated in The Eagle a few days ago. The Still Creek bridge appears to be the only one left intact. Some others are left but badly damaged, and the majority are washed away. The court made a contract with R. L. Weddington yesterday to replace the Carter's creek bridge. M. Parker has agreed to replace the Thompson creek bridge on Pitts bridge road, charging the county only the cost of the work.

Other contracts were made with parties to save the material on other bridges. The court is supplying overseers with material wherever they can use it.

PHILOSOPHY.

So soon the end must come,
Why waste in sighs our breath?
So soon our lips are dumb,
So swift comes death.

So brief the time to smile,
Why darken we the air
With frowns and tears, the while
We nurse despair?

Hold firm the suffering will
And bravely thrust it back;
Fight with the powers of ill,
The legion black.

Sand in the sunshine sweet
And treasure every ray,
Nor seek with stubborn feet
The darkness way.

Have courage! Keep good cheer!
Our longest time is brief.
To those who hold you dear
Bring no more grief.

But cherish blisses small,
Grateful for least delight
That to your lot doth fall
However slight.

And lo! all hearts will bring
Love to make glad your days,
Blessings untold will spring
About your ways.

So shall life bloom and shine,
Lifted its pain above,
Crowned with this gift divine,
The gift of love.

—Celia Thaxter.

Why They Got Married.

The editor of an exchange recently sent out postal cards to a large number of married men in his town asking them: "Why did you marry?"

The answers he claims to have received are given below. What the answers would have been had those cards been addressed to married women is a proposition fearful to contemplate:

"Why did you marry?"

Because I didn't have the experience. B.

I thought it would be cheaper than a breach of promise suit. J.

Because I was too lazy to work. Jack.

Married to get even with her mother, but never have. L. V.

Because Sallie told me five other men were trying to propose to her. Jim.

I was tired of buying ice cream and candies and going to theaters, and wanted a rest. Have saved money. L. D.

Why I married? That's what I have been trying eleven years to find out. Victim.

The old man thought that eight years' courting was almost long enough. L. H.

Please don't "stir me up." William.

Her father threatened to give me his foot, so I took his daughter's hand. Y.

Had difficulty in unlocking the door at night, and wanted some one to let me in. Frank.

I was lonesome and melancholy and wanted some one to make me lively. She makes me pretty lively. John.

I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. She is still opposite. Daniel.

Because I had more money than I knew what to do with. Now I have more to do than I have money to do with. Sam.

Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. I think she's got me. Harry.

Plenty of Groceries!

We have plenty of everything good to eat in spite of the Washouts and Tie-up of trains.

WE INVITE

You to give us your trade or a good portion of it this month. Come to see us or 'phone 40.

JOHN B. MIKE,

The Grocer.

Save Your Horses.

Mrs. Chas. F. Weiland writes to the Dallas News as follows:

Please say to your readers who own horses and dogs that are almost distracted this hot weather by flies, that if they will wash them each morning with a half table spoonful of creolin to an ordinary teacup of water, the poor dumb brutes will never cease to be grateful. Creolin can be had at any drug store and is harmless. It can be applied without dilution, but is equally efficient diluted. It should be prepared fresh each time it is used. Tell them to wash thoroughly the horse's face and ears, neck, underside of body and legs, and they will be rewarded by seeing the poor horse stand quiet, while formerly he was wearing himself out by trying to keep the flies off by stamping and biting himself. There is no better wash for sores or galled places on horses or dogs. Creolin sells at 50 cents a pound.

Proposal.

Sealed bids will be received to July 18, 1899, by the undersigned committee for the furnishing of 80 cords of good split wood; 60 cords for white school and 20 cords for colored school, bids to be filed with J. A. Myers. Nothing but good wood wanted. Committee reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

J. A. Myers, chairman,
M. Parker,
M. H. James, Committee

173 36

H. & T. C.

R. R.

DOUBLE DAILY TRAIN.

Short and Quick Line Between North and South Texas.

T S
H L
R E
O P
U E
G R
H S
BETWEEN
HOUSTON AND DENVER
Via Ennis and Ft. Worth
GALVESTON AND DENISON
Via Houston and Dallas
GALVESTON AND ST. LOUIS
Via Houston, Ennis and Paris
HOUSTON AND AUSTIN

The H. & T. C. reaches Galveston, Houston, Brenham, Austin, Waco, Corsicana, Waxahatchie, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Plano, McKinney, Sherman, and Dennison, and gives First-class Service.

C. W. BERN, Traffic Manager. G. P. & T. Agt.
W. S. WILSON, Agt. Houston
Bryan Texas.

"TIME IS MONEY."

"The Longest Way Round Is Sometimes The Quickest Way Home."

These wise old saws apply to the new fast train service now in effect via the Great Rock Island Route. While not the short line everywhere, we "get there," which is the main point to be considered.

A whole business day saved is one argument. A maximum of comfort by reason of through service, modern equipment; rock ballast; in short, an up-to-date railway, are several other arguments to assist you in deciding how and via what route to purchase tickets.

The new schedule is as follows: Leave Fort Worth, 8:25 a. m.; arrive Lincoln, 7:10 a. m.; arrive Omaha, 9 a. m., connecting at latter point with train through Iowa; arriving Des Moines; 4:39 p. m.

CHAS. B. SLOAT,
G. P. A., C. R. I. & T. Ry.,
Fort Worth, Tex.

HOT and COLD, TUB and SHOWER BATHS.

25 Cents

Can be Obtained at All Hours

—At The—

Bryan Water, Ice, Light and POWER COMPANY.

If You are Thinking?

Of spending the torrid months of July, August, and September, at some cool resort in the North or East, remember that the I. & G. N. Railway furnishes the shortest, quickest, cleanest way to get there. Write for full particulars of any point and the way to reach it to

D. J. PRICE, G. P. & T. A.
PALESTINE, TEXAS.

Shirt waists have
not gone out of
style and Gilmore
has the best.

THE DAILY EAGLE.

Entered at the Postoffice at Bryan, Texas, as
Second Class mail matter.

BY CONNELLY, PALMER & CARNES.
MALCOLM CARNES Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
Per Week, 10c. - - Per Month, 40c

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1899.

Saltiest Lake in the World.

The saltiest lake in the world is Lake Urumia, in Persia, situated more than 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. It contains 22 percent of salt, as against 9.85 per cent in the Dead Sea. The lake is 84 miles long and 24 miles broad, and its northern coasts are encrusted with a border of salt glittering white in the sun. No living thing can survive in it except a species of very small jelly fish.

High Price for Stamps.

Two British Guiana stamps, dated 1850, and worth originally one penny each, were sold in Berlin not long ago for \$5,000.

Use Our Standard Medicinal Preparations!

There are several profits added to prices of Patent Medicines—we sell our own preparations at the minimum of our profits. The price of our Standard Medicinal Preparations is minus the jobbers profit, the advertisers profit, and the retailers profit; that's why we can sell our own Preparations 20 per cent less than Patents. They are typical remedies, skillfully prepared and as good as any Patent Preparations; Everyone that has used them say so; if you don't come to the same conclusion after trying anyone of our Fifty Preparations, we will exchange for any patent you may choose.

Emmel's

Prescription Pharmacy.

We save you 25 percent on your prescriptions.

What is a Day.

Nine persons out of ten—yes nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand—if asked how long it takes the earth to turn once on its axis would answer twenty-four hours, and to the question, "How many times does it turn on its axis in the course of the year?" the answer would be 365 1/4 times. Both answers are wrong.

It requires but twenty-three hours and fifty-six minutes for the earth to make one complete turn and it makes 366 1/4 turns during the year. The error springs from a wrong idea of what is meant by a day.

The day is not, as is commonly supposed, the time required by the earth to make one turn on its axis, but the interval between two successive passages of the sun across the meridian—that is to say, the time which elapses after the sun is seen exactly south in its diurnal course through the heavens before it is again seen in that position.

Now, in consequence of the earth's revolution in its orbit, or path round the sun, the sun has the appearance of moving very slowly in the heavens in a direction from east to west. At noon tomorrow the sun will be a short distance to the east of the point in the heavens at which it is seen at noon today, so that when the earth has made one complete turn it will still have to turn four minutes longer before the sun can again be seen exactly south.—London Tit-Bits.

They Were Poorly Raised.

In the train sat a poor old quakeress. She wore a silver gray dress, snowy collar and such a sweet gray hat. She was a big, handsome woman and her large Madonna face beamed with benevolence and love. A ruby or a diamond ornament would have marred her beauty. Two smart commercial travelers stepped into the same carriage with the old lady. After they had discussed the spirit and tobacco trade a while, they looked around at the quakeress. Then they looked at each other, smiled, and one remarked in an undertone: "Billy, I guess the old lady is inflated with quaker yeast." Without lifting her eyes, the old lady remarked so low that the passengers could not hear it: "If thy father and mother had consumed more sweet quaker yeast and less bad beer and tobacco, they would have been better raised and better bred." Then it was so still that you could hear the engine pump.

Hick's Pointed Story.

It was in 1847 that Hicks, the cornish wit, first made a county name as a witty raconteur. In that year Sir Samuel Spry, who had been member for Bodmin since the great reform bill, lost his seat, and in a petulant mood took legal proceedings against Hicks on the ground that he had abused his official position to influence voters at the polls, says the Cornhill. In the course of the trial Hicks was called upon to state what he had to say in his defense. In the course of his statement he asked leave of the court to illustrate his position by a story. His request being assented to, he related how a few days previously he had been to see a lad whom he knew well, who was laid up from a fall from a vicious donkey, which had kicked out all his front teeth.

The lad, said Hicks, had taken the matter in the most kindly way and had said to him: "Tisn't the fall, Mr. Hicks, and 'tisn't the valley of the teeth what annoys me; but 'tis the nasty, gashly wishous disposition of the jack-ass."

Sir Samuel Spry sprang up in the well of the court in a fury, and exclaimed: "He has called me a jackass!" The court was convulsed with laughter, and Hicks was promptly and fully acquitted of the trumpety charge brought against him.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Laughs in Parliament.

It is a curious fact that the house of commons likes new members—who are usually selected to move and second the address at the opening of parliament—compensate some nervousness, and it is seldom that the house is appointed.

The case of a young Irishman who got up to speak one night in 1879 provoked a storm of laughter. He was unable to utter a single word. For a quarter of an hour he stood on his feet, and although he indulged in a great deal of gesticulation, not a sound seemed to escape his lips. The would be orator was in such an extreme condition of nervousness that while thinking he was addressing the house he was in reality talking to himself!

"There is one more point," said a well-known member, who had been speaking for some time in a debate in August, 1894; but what the point was he had instantly forgotten, as he candidly told the house as he sat down.

A similar misfortune once befel the late Lord Iddesleigh when, as Sir Stafford Northcote, he was making a vigorous attack on the Gladstonian government of the day. At the close of his speech he said: "Before I sit down there is one more charge against the prime minister, and it is the most serious."

Then he stopped short and was visibly perturbed, for he had forgotten what the charge was. Twice again did he repeat what he had said, but the point would not come back to his mind, and he had perforce to resume his seat.

He Had Had Experience.

They were a painfully young couple, and their clothes were so obtrusively new that suspicion would have arisen even if their manner towards each other had not told the story as plainly as if they had left a trail of orange blossoms, rice and old shoes. I was waiting for a friend at the hotel desk when they came in the other evening. The pretty girl in her brown traveling gown waited by the elevator, while the nervous young fellow came to the desk. He took a pen and wrote on the register, "John Jones, Lexington, Ky."—that wasn't the name, of course—and was assigned at his request to "the best room in the house," and with the pretty girl disappeared in the elevator.

I was chatting with my friend ten or fifteen minutes later when Mr. Jones reappeared, coming hastily down the stairs. He was annoyed or confused about something, and stammered to the clerk: "Will you let me see the register again? And—please give me a pen. I believe I—er—forgot something—a mistake—er—" And, grasping the pen, he added to the line he had written a few minutes before "and wife." His blush would have done credit to a debutante as he looked up and started to explain: "You see—"

But the man behind the desk with the smile of conscious wisdom which is part of the warlike of every well-regulated hotel clerk interrupted him with:

"Certainly, Mr. Jones! I assigned you to the bridal suite when you came in."

The Parson Was in a Hurry.

Here is a faithful report of a unique wedding ceremony in the wilds of Kentucky:

"George Washington Columbus, do you take this woman to be—hush! What was that?"

Deep silence, for a few seconds, followed by another section of the service. Then raising his hand, the preacher said solemnly:

"As a minister of the gospel—listen, I think I hear a wild cat."

Deep silence for ten seconds.

"I pronounce you—listen, that's a wild cat sure—husband and wife."

And down the hill the party raced, with the preacher three lengths in the lead and running easy.—Atlanta Constitution.

SOME Good Things TO EAT!

Dr. Foster's Creamery Butter

This is delicious.

Sweet

Pickled Bacon

In Strips.

For Iced Tea

Emperor's Blended

Green Tea.

Ferndale

Strawberries in Cans,

Elegant. Try them.

Pickled Walnuts

Hamburger

Steak with Onions,

Just what you've been looking for. Pound can 25c.

Richelleu

Salad Dressing

Fine for Tomatoes.

Swift's

Premium Hams and Breakfast Bacon

These are just a few of the nice things in our big stock. You should try them, and ask our advice when you find it difficult to supply your table with a good variety. We can please you.

CLARKE & DANSBY,

Uptodate Crocers.

Telephone 106.

Wearers of the Best, Look to the
Sellers of the Best!

CLAPP SHOES

Are like handsome women; people stop to admire them. They are made of the best leather money can buy, the best workman money can hire under the best system brains can devise.

Our Dollar Shirt

There is Rightness, Fitness and Fashion in our \$1 shirt, they have value from neck to tail.

WEBB BROS.,

One Price and that a Low One.

IF YOU WANT

Pipe Work and Plumbing

Am well fixed to do good work, and will do your work as well and at as low prices as it can be done by anyone.

WATER BACKS in stoves.

FITTING UP RESERVOIRS.

BATH TUBS.

HOSE REPAIRING, ETC.

Leave orders at Hortman's shop (formerly Wooten's shop.) All work promptly attended to.

M. F. HEENAN

For The Ladies!

White Organdie Dress; Dainty White Parasol;
Twenty-Five Yards Lace;
Three Yards No. 60 Pearl White Satin Ribbon;
Pair Ruth Gloves;
Embroidered Handkerchief; Pearl White Fan;
Belt Buckle;
Collar Clasp; Drop Stich Hose;
Bolton's or Hamilton-Brown's Ties at

NORWOOD'S

I Have Just Received

An elegant line of Nethersole Silver Bracelets, Friendship Hearts and Bracelets, which I am selling very close for First-class Goods. I have a large line of

LOCK BRACELETS IN SOLID GOLD.

GOLD FILLED and STERLING SILVER, SOLID GOLD HEARTS, ETC.

My line of GOLD BROOCHES are up-to-date. I call your attention to my line of Alarm Clocks of high grades continuous alarm. Also cheaper grade fresh and new. Walnut 8-day Clocks as cheap as can be sold. Call for my new silver Metal Spoons, 50 cents per set guaranteed to equal solid silver. We will engrave free of charge from date all goods bought of us, no matter as to price and quantity, we want your trade and will appreciate same. Cut Glass, Silver Novelties, Watches, Etc. at the lowest prices, which must be seen to appreciate the low prices.

J. M. Caldwell, Agt.

MONEY LOST!

If you have not been trading with us you have lost money, for we know that we are selling many articles cheaper than our competitors. We do not mean goods that are old and stale for we offer none of that sort. We mean FRESH Goods of BEST QUALITY. A 40 pound box of Starch for \$1.25 sounds mighty cheap for a good article but

Its so, Just the Same!

And its even so that we are offering many other kinds of Groceries equally as cheap. Your orders will have our best attention and will be delivered promptly at your home.

YOURS TRULY,

ZUBER & McDOUGALD,

Telephone 111.

H. & T. C. Time Card, Bryan

Northbound No 1.....12:18 p.m.
Southbound No 2.....4:03 p.m.
Northbound No 3.....2:07 a.m.
Southbound No 4.....1:48 a.m.

I. & G. N. Time Table, Hearne

WEST BOUND:

No. 1 leaves.....1:05 a.m.

No. 3 leaves.....9:05 a.m.

EAST BOUND:

No. 2 leaves.....3:53 a.m.

No. 4 leaves.....4:39 p.m.

BETWEEN HEARNE AND SAN ANTONIO.

No. 9, leaves Hearne.....3:10 p.m.

No. 10, arrives at Hearne.....11:55 a.m.

H. & T. C. Time Table Hearne

NORTH BOUND:

No. 1 arrives.....12:50 p.m.

No. 3 arrives.....2:45 a.m.

LOCAL NEWS.

Prof. J. T. McGee was in town yesterday.

For choice Jersey butter call on Mc.

P. Beard.

Two Houses for Rent—Apply to Mrs.

E. B. Roberts.

Prof. B. C. Pittuck was here from

College yesterday.

Drink Mount Vernon Pure Rye at the

Exposition saloon.

College creamery butter on ice at

Clarke & Dansby's.

W. E. Harris made it home through

the high water from the South.

Mr. W. H. Wylie of Bethel was a caller

at The Eagle office yesterday.

A fourth of July dance was given by

the young men at the court house

last night and greatly enjoyed.

Telegrams were received here yesterday

indicating that Mr. A. B. Carr, Sr.,

is dangerously ill at Lampasas.

M. Parker had the Thompson creek

bridge repaired yesterday and that road

is now open to the Pitts Ferry bridge.

For accident and life insurance either

in lodges or straight life companies see

Joe B. Reed. Also sells flour, rice and

coffee.

Fresh cold beef and lunch, Wooten

Wells soda water always on hand at V.

C. Marek's next door to Saunders &

Johnson's.

It was reported yesterday afternoon

that Little river had fallen five feet,

and that the Navasota river fell eight

or ten inches.

The closed up banks, a few flags and

a few cannon crackers were all that served

to remind the public yesterday of the

fourth of July.

Dr. J. L. Fountain brought a sample

cotton stock, which had been under

water for three days, in from Thompson

creek yesterday afternoon, and the

roots were found to be rotting.

The best information obtainable about the Brazos river yesterday afternoon was that it remained about at a stand still yesterday.

Tom Smith, the gentleman reported drowned in the Little Brazos at the Mumford road crossing, was rescued with his dog, from the top of his house Sunday afternoon.

Dr. M. Francis and J. A. Baker were here from College yesterday. Dr. Francis was caught on the way home from Beeville and had to cross the Navasota bottom by boat.

Marriage licenses: Joe Otto to Laura Otto, Clint Jackson to Lula Harris, W. F. Jencho to E. T. Hill, Devotte Houston to Hattie Square, Ernest Weiser to Gussie Monti.

J. F. Parks and daughter, Miss Nannie Parks, arrived home from visiting relatives at Anderson. They crossed the overflowed Navasota river bottom for two miles and a half in a boat.

The H. & T. C. working crews are busy putting in bents for the Campbell's creek bridge. They have to use rafts on account of having to work over nine feet of water about forty feet wide.

Friends of The Eagle from all over the surrounding country have been calling at the office after papers, giving an account of floods. The supply of extra copies of The Daily Eagle has been exhausted every day.

Mr. Mark Wilcox tells The Eagle that he had six acres of good land washed away in the flood, and has a beautiful lake 150 yards long right in the middle of it. It is fine clear water, and is so deep he cannot see the bottom.

Jeff N. Miller, chief clerk in the vice-president's office, and Train Master Bisee of the H. & T. C., have gone to Houston via Navasota and Conroe, the Santa Fe branch now being open between the two points mentioned.

Ed Heslep, who was caught at Navasota by the flood, was one of the number who successfully navigated the Navasota river bottom. He told the reporter yesterday that crops are greatly injured, lands washed and bridges swept away in Grooms county.

Jim Martin and Tom Sawyer were callers at The Eagle office yesterday, relating their flood experiences. Mr. Sawyer's farm is on high land in the Bethel neighborhood and the damage was very small. The crops on Mr. Martin's farm on Wickson creek suffered heavy loss.

A team attached to a wagon ran away from Garth Howell & Webb's lumber yard yesterday morning crossing the railroad on the street in front of the city hall and creating a little flurry of excitement among people on the streets. The team was stopped near the Wooten place no damage of consequence having resulted.

D. Mahoney of Austin, has secured the contract for building the new dormitory at the A. and M. College and will begin the work as soon as the flood will permit. Necco & Eisman of Houston, will do the tin work under Mahoney's contract. Necco & Eisman did the tin work on the court house here.

Since the H. & B. V. railroad contemplated building into Hearne a track of its own, and since much of the road will no doubt have to be rebuilt below where it joined the International, owing to the washouts which must have resulted while it was submerged between the rivers, it was suggested by a gentleman in conversation with the reporter here yesterday that Bryan might be able to offer inducements that would now bring the road here. The gentleman suggested a bonus and the right of way as the proper inducements to offer.

A party of Madison county people who had been here waterbound for a week left yesterday home waterbound, going by way of the iron bridge on the Navasota river at the James old crossing about thirty miles northeast of Bryan on the Franklin road. They had been here until tired out and hoped to get home by this route. The party was composed of J. H. Oneal, Misses Lizzie and Ludie Oneal, Robert Oneal, Gus Fuhlberg and wife, Miss Isabelle McNair, John Hutcheson and daughter, Miss Emma Hutcheson, Neeley McBride, Lon Lang and family, J. N. Sherman, A. T. Ferry, Arthur Beeman, Joe Floyd.

Rev. W. T. Wood and Constable J. E. Farquhar were here yesterday from Wellborn. Mr. Farquhar told the Eagle reporter that the Brazos river was estimated at eight to ten miles wide opposite Wellborn. He says the hill crops are pretty well all right, but the creek bottoms have suffered heavily. Stock bogged down in the sand washes, and some fences were swept away. There was a thirty or forty foot wash-out including a culvert, in the railroad just below Wellborn, the damage having been repaired. Fifteen or twenty boats were made at Wellborn and many people taken out of the bottom. Mr. Farquhar says the river is four feet higher than he ever knew it before, and he has lived in that locality thirty-six years.

Fresh strained honey 10 cents a pound at Clarke & Dansby's.

All kinds of fine millinery very cheap at Mrs. C. M. Proctors.

Letter List.

LADIES.
Clay, Lizzie
Collins, Mary Jane
Clayton, Lucy E.
Henderson, Simie
Jemison, Lucile
Kimball, Alice
Mime, Emma
Ralgo, Lilla
Price, Mollie
Ross, Margaret
Scott, Easter E.
Thomson, W F
Washington, Mrs J

GENTLEMEN.
Berry, B F
Castle, Claud
Davis, T E
Dickson, John H
Gregg, John
Hall, H
Jama, Jas
Mitchell, A J
McIntyre, A
Uhyrek, Jan
Weir, Cisero
Wilson, Jim

FOREIGN.
Petronila, Mikulec Tylinvaski, Jan
Above list of letters remaining in the Bryan postoffice for the week ending July 4. A charge of one cent is made on each piece of mail advertised. When calling for these letters please say advertised, giving date. Very Resp.,
Tyler Haswell, P. M.

A Missouri girl sent a dollar to a smart New York man for a "sure cure for freckles". This is what she got: "Remove the freckles carefully with a pocket knife, soak them over night in salt water, then hang up in the smoke house in a good strong smoke made of sawdust and slippery elm bark for a week. Freckles thus treated never fail to be thoroughly cured."

See Battle of Manila at Houston July 4th 1899.

For special train passing Bryan July 4 1899, 1.58 a. m., H. & T. C. will sell round trip tickets to Houston for 1.75. Tickets good to leave Houston on regular trains up to and including 9.20 a. m. train July 6th. W. S. WILSON, Agent.

A Bargain.

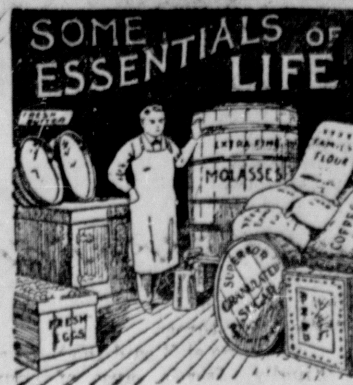
A second hand upright piano on payments \$5.00 per month. Address J. M. Willingham, Bryan. The Bush & Gerts Piano man from Dallas.

Acute and Chronic bowel troubles, such as Chronic Diarrhoe, Flux, Inflammation of Bowels, Cholera and Ulcerated Bowels are cured with Emmel's Black Powder. 50c a box. Sold only at Emmel's drug store.

CITY TAX NOTICE.

By virtue of the city of Bryan tax rolls for the year 1898 and an ordinance passed by the city council January 10th, 1896, directing the manner of collecting delinquent city tax on real estate, and all costs that have accrued or may hereafter accrue, I, H. G. Rhodes, City Tax Collector of Bryan City, will by virtue of the aforesaid ordinance, proceed to make out and present to the city council at their regular meeting in June, 1899, for the approval of said council all delinquent city taxpayers on the following named list and the following described property, giving amount of taxes due together with cost accrued which list when approved by council will be delivered to the city attorney, who will proceed to bring suit as the law directs.

Bonneville, Mrs. Z.—Lot 1, block 107.....60
Banner, Mary—Lots 9 and 10, block 151.....2 00
Banner, Mary—1 acre, part lot 2, block 3.....39
Bailey, J. H.—Lots 3, west 1/4, block 27.....3 50
Brown, Orleans—Lot 3, block 180.....2 00
Behring, J. E.—126-100 SF Austin No. 10.....1 85
Cavitt W R—24 81-100 Feno. Phillips No 7.....3 60
Calhoun Richard—55-100 west part lot 5, block 1, Bryans addition.....2 50
Clapp, G W—Lot 25, block 8, Hall's.....0 25
Cavitt M M—18 34-100 A Jno Austin No 8.....3 70
Crawford, Cathron—1 24-100 acres S F Austin No 9.....50c
Cooper, Frank—Lot W. 1-2 5, block 106.....4 75
Cavitt, Mrs. M. M.—36 acres John Austin No. 8.....5 25
Cavitt, Mrs. M. M.—Lots 1, 2, west 1/4, block 86.....1 00
Cansey, Mrs. M.—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, block 170.....1 00
Conroy, John—5 acres S. F. Austin No. 10, 188-100 acres S. F. Austin No. 9.....2 00
Daniels A. and A.—14-100 acres Denson V—40x50 part lot 6 Bryans addition.....0 52
Dillard, Robt—8-10 acres S F Austin No 10.....0 50
Davenport, General—2 29-100 acres S F Austin No 9.....2 00
S. F. Austin No. 10, 95x145.....1 25
Foster, W. M.—Lot 10, west part 9, block 174.....2 00
Foster, W. M.—Lots 4, 7, east 1/4, block 192.....15 05
Geltry Maria—Lot 5, block 187.....0 50
Harbers, A. H. and A. J.—6 65-100 acres; w 1/4 block 38F, 48; all 49, Phillips Addition.....4 00
Harbers, Mrs. A. H., 5 1/2 acres S. F. Austin No. 9.....8 63
Houston, Fred—Lot 8, block 146.....2 50
Hall, Harriett—Lot 5, block 69.....2 25
Hanneman, S. E. Mrs.—Lot 5, block 178.....4 00
Johnson, Eliza—1 acre John Austin No. 8.....20
Johnson Julia—Lot 1, 2, block 80.....1 00
Johnson, William—Lots 34 and 35 block 7, Hall's Addition.....25
Johnson, William—Lots 1 and 2 block 8, Hall's Addition.....3 40
Jefferson, Matilda—Lot 3, blk 68.....2 65
Kerl, Mary—Lot 1, block 198.....2 22
Lodge G. U. O. F.—20x75 west end lot 2, block 8.....3 00
Loughridge, T. L.—East 33 1/10 acres S F Austin No 9.....8 00
Lights, F. L.—Lot 3, block 57.....0 50
Lee, Ike—45-100 acres part lot 4, block 1, Bryans addition.....1 00
Moore, W B—Lots 9 and 10, block 46.....4 50
Mingo, Geo.—Lots 1, w 1/4, blk 164.....2 65
Marek V. C.—Lots 6, 7 and E 1/4 block 178.....6 00
Marek V. C.—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, block 196.....10 45
Mason, Mack—S 1/4 Lot 5, block 16.....1 30
Mims E. E.—2 21-100 acres S. part lot 11, Bryans addition.....2 00
Mathis Mrs. H.—Lots 1 and 2 block 61.....10 00
Mathis Mrs. H.—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 block 176.....17 00
McLewie, Silas—50x115, 13-100 A. S. F. A. No. 10.....2 50
McCall M. R.—Lot 4 block 145.....3 50
Nicholas, Bulah—Lot 6, block 46.....1 50
Oliver, Ellen—Lot 8 block 124.....1 50
Presley, Henry—Lot 1, block 208.....3 00
Pinkston T. S.—Lot 5 block 146.....1 90
Polk, W G—4 3-100 Jno Austin No 8.....0 85
Preddin, R.—Lot 7, block 124.....2 50
Rice F A—et al F., block 188.....0 25
Rice, F A—6, 7, 8, block 204.....0 60
Rice, F A—Block 248.....0 25
Risby Tim—Lot 3 block 69.....2 25
Robertson J. L.—Lot 3 block 127.....2 75
Richards Fent—Lot 4 block 186.....2 50
Tucker, Mrs. L. L.—Lots 1, 2, 15x50, S. part 6 and 7, 15x115 15x115 W. part 3, 15x50 S. pt. 8, block 60.....9 70
Taylor, J.—1 acres lot 2, block 3, Bryans addition.....0 25
Vaughan Francis—Lot 8 block 46.....1 25
Wilson Jno. H.—Block 194.....7 03
Wilson, Cornelius—15-100 acres part lot 9, block 1 Bryans Addition.....1 00
Washington, Jesse—4 17-100 S. F. Austin No 9.....1 00
Ward, Henderson—50x185, 24-100 acres part lot 5, block 1 Bryans addition.....2 50
Williams, Henry—Lot 4 and 5, block 210.....4 41
Wood, Eliza—6 10 acres part lots 51 M's addition.....1 00
Worley, A.—South 1/4 lot 2, block 256.....12 50
Worley, A.—Block 20.....21 75
Wesley, Jane—Lot 5, block 184.....1 00



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I still have many beautiful pattern hats which are being sold at very close figures; also an unbroken stock of new and stylish millinery which is selling equally low, and within the reach of all.

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All the new ICES and Iced drinks tastefully served.

The finest....

Candies, Fresh Fruits,

FINE CIGARS,

LOWNEY'S and

GUNTHER'S

Candies.

Phone 202.

MULCAHY'S RESURRECTION.

BY ERNEST JARROLD.

(Copyright, 1899, by the Author.)

There was an unwonted air of gloom in the little cigar store as the twilight settled down on the Bowery.

"Mulcahy has been gone two weeks," exclaimed Hughes, the boxmaker. "There will be no more fun here without him."

"True for you," responded Gilligan, the wit. "I wonder did he go to Cuba or the Klondike?"

"Neither," said Hughes, "for if I'm not much mistaken here he comes now or is it his ghost?"

Sure enough, it was James Mulcahy, bricklayer, mason, calciminer, whatever was to be done, and in his white overalls spick and span.

"It seems, James," said the boxmaker, "that you have on a very summery costume for this time of year."

"Well, I have my red flannels beneath them, but that's all I have."

"Sit down, man, and tell us your predicament. Where have you been since last I saw you?"

"I've been dead and buried," was the remarkable statement made by the man in white.

"What!" gasped the group. "I have, and I'll prove it."

"Well, then," said Gilligan, "let's first commune with the spirits."

"Well, it was this way," said Mulcahy. "I had been out of work for some time. All my earnings outside the \$300 in the Bowery bank were gone. So I

down like a rubber ball and screeched like a fire engine."

"Wet your throat, James. Your eyes are getting moist," said the boxmaker.

"Finally, after a lapse of hours to gain strength from the shock, she was led out, dazed like, by Mrs. Mulroony to the foot of Desbrosses street and then over to the morgue. I'm told that Mary, though the tears were streaming out of her eyes so she could not see very well, bore up bravely at the identification, so glad was she to get my body back. Then she notified ex-Alderman McFarney, who is an undertaker, to put on the body a dress suit and place it in a casket and bring it to the house. She gave me a fine wake and a fine funeral. She bedecked herself in deep mourning. The interment was on the second Saturday after I left home at 3 o'clock in Calvary cemetery."

"The very day you were coming home," said the boxmaker wisely.

"True for you. I got off with my two weeks' wages, intending to return to work on Monday morning. I walked from Flushing by way of Calvary toward the ferry. I was so full of delight at the thought of the reception I would get when I reached home that I began to hum to myself a familiar tune."

"Fifteen dollars in my inside pocket," interpolated Gilligan, the wit.

"All went well on the road," continued Mulcahy, "until I arrived at the

"Splendid sentiments, James," said the boxmaker. "Ah, it was a bad mistake, all in all!"

"Say, rather, a grave one," said Gilligan, who was in great form.

"Well, I'm going to get McFarney to build a fire over that tramp and thaw him out."

"You can bet, Jimmy, that there's a fire under him," commented Gilligan.

"The truest thing you ever said," replied Mulcahy. "There's too many tramps around nowadays, and they make trouble, dead or alive. My tramp has left me penniless and is now sleeping in a fine casket in a grave in Calvary that cost me \$25, and McFarney says he won't take back the casket. Faith, I wouldn't be surprised if at the last day the tramp could get by the gate in my place."

"Never fear that, Jimmy," said the boxmaker soothingly. "St. Peter would be sure to recognize that face."

"Well, gentlemen," resumed Mulcahy, "the locality is alive with the incident. Some of the neighbors pretend yet to believe that I'm Mulcahy's spirit. A friend called across the street to me today: 'Hello, corpsy! Come over and take a drink!' And when I went in the place he said, 'Take something strong to keep you from turning to dust.' Only last night I was passing along the street when a crowd of ruffians called out, 'Look at Mulcahy playing hookey from Calvary!'"

Mulcahy's lips were becoming parched and dry. There was also a cadaverous look about him which excited the sympathy of Gilligan, who said:

"Mulcahy, my lad, we are all sorry for the misfortune which has made you so spiritual and grave in appearance. But now that you are safely returned to us both in the flesh and in the spirit I propose that we all take a wee drop of spirits frumment."

"I'll have nothing more to do with spirits!" said Mulcahy in a rage. "I've had spooks and spirits and mirracles enough to last me the rest of my life. I'll take rye whisky."

One Bare Spot.

A few years ago we called the attention of the public to the fact that the young emperor of Germany on his accession to the imperial throne had a religious census taken of the city of Berlin, in which he found that only about 5 per cent of the communicants of the established church could be housed in the churches of that denomination on a Sabbath day.

He and his court took alarm at this terrible destitution of church accommodations, the greater alarm because the churches were scarcely half full, although they were utterly inadequate to hold 5 per cent of the church members. He commenced immediately a campaign of church building in erecting chapels in the suburbs of the city to care for the workmen and their families, believing that it was cheaper to house them in churches than to have them in anarchistic clubs, or, as he expressed it, cheaper to build churches than prisons, cheaper to save men than to hang them.

On a recent occasion it is said that a German military officer uncovered his head as the emperor and empress passed him and stood at attention. A small boy touched him and said: "Put on your hat, sir, put on your hat. If the empress discovers that bare spot she will clap a chapel on it." The humorous side may impress the fact that the emperor and empress were in search of every bare spot in Berlin as a possible site for a new church.—Current Literature.

Summer's Lack of Humor.

Charles Sumner had but little sense of humor and was not at home in the small out and thrust skirmishes of general society. He was made for serious issues and for great contests, which then lay unexpressed before him. Of his literalness some amusing anecdotes have been told. At an official ball in Washington he remarked to a young lady who stood beside him: "We are fortunate in having these places for standing here. We shall see the first entrance of the new English and French ministers into Washington society."

The young girl replied: "I am glad to hear it. I like to see lions break the ice."

Sumner was silent for a few minutes, but presently said: "Miss —, in the country where lions live there is no ice."

I once invited Mr. Sumner to meet a distinguished guest at my house. He replied: "I do not know that I wish to meet your friend. I have outlived the interest in individuals." In my diary of the day I recorded the somewhat ungracious utterance, with this comment: "God Almighty by the latest accounts had not got so far as this." Mr. Sumner was told of this in my presence, though not by me. He said at once: "What a strange sort of a book your diary must be! You ought to strike that out immediately."—Julia Ward Howe in Atlantic.

The Garden of Paradise.

Some are dazzled by all this magnificence of jeweled splendor. Like the poor dying old woman who to her minister's kindly reminder that she would soon be treading the golden streets replied, "Eh, sir, if the Lord would only let me go to some quiet green place in the country, I do so mortal tired of streets," so it is as a garden rather than a city that heaven presents itself to the imaginations of many. Some wistful notion of the Eden in which man spent his days of innocence colors their thoughts of future bliss.

Joy to thee, paradise, Garden and goal and rest! Made green for wearied eyes; Much softer than the breast Of mother dove clad in a rainbow's dyes, sings Christina Rossetti. And it was a garden that inspired Tennyson's vision in "Sir Galahad."

I muse on joy that will not cease, Pure spaces clothed in living beams, Pure lilies of eternal peace, Whose odors haunt my dreams.

—Gentleman's Magazine.

CITY DIRECTORY.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, C. A. Adams.
Marshall, T. P. Boyett.
Deputy Marshal, R. H. Smith.
Secretary and Treasurer, Henry G. Rhodes.
City Sexton, H. H. Jones.
Constable, C. L. Baker.
Aldermen: R. G. Tabor, W. S. Howell, W. W. Harris, Jno. M. Lawrence, Walter Wipprecht.
School Board: C. A. Adams, ex-officio president board; J. Allen Myera, secretary; Dr. J. W. Howell, M. H. James, M. Parker, Dr. J. L. Fountain, H. C. Robinson.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge, A. G. Board.
Clerk, G. W. McMichael.
Attorney, Chas. S. Gainer.
Tax Collector, J. J. Adams.
Tax Assessor, R. M. Nall.
Sheriff, T. C. Nunn.
Treasurer, A. W. Buchanan.
District Clerk, J. W. Batts.
Commissioners: R. J. Deens, Lee Edge, Felix Phillips, P. H. Arrington.

CHURCHES.

Baptist—R. D. Wilson, pastor; Services every Sunday 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.; Sunday school 9:45 a. m.; prayer-meeting Thursday night.

Methodist—J. B. Cochran, pastor; Services 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday; Sunday school 9:45 a. m.; Epworth League Sunday 4 p. m.; prayer-meeting Tuesday night.

St. Andrews' Episcopal—Rev. Herbert E. Bowers, L. L. D., rector. Holy communion first Sunday in the month. Services—First and third Sunday in each month, morning and evening and also morning of fourth Sunday. Other Sundays and each fifth Sunday the rector officiates at Navasota.

Presbyterian—J. D. West, pastor; Services morning and evening 1st, 3rd and 4th Sunday in each month; Sunday school 9:45 a. m.; prayer-meeting Wednesday night.

Christian, J. L. Andrews, pastor—Services 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sunday; Sunday school 9:45 a. m., Christian Endeavor 3 p. m. Sunday; prayer-meeting Wednesday night.

Free Communion Baptist—A. M. Stewart, pastor; Services every Sunday night in each month; Sunday school 10 a. m.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church—Father Pelnar, pastor; Mass at 8 and 10 a. m. Sunday.

San Antonio Italian Catholic church—Father Gudice, pastor. Mass at 8 and 10 a. m. Sunday.

LODGE MEETINGS.

Brazos Camp, No. 104, W. of W.—Meet second and fourth Friday nights in each month. W. R. Johnston, C. C.; Joe B. Reed, clerk.

Bryan Tent No. 16, K. O. T. M.—Meeting nights first and third Monday each month. J. H. Mawhinney, C.; Joe B. Reed, R. K.

Bryan Lodge No. 1980, Home Forum—Meeting nights second and fourth Wednesday each month. W. T. James, pres't; Joe B. Reed, financier.

Bryan Lodge No. 409, National Aid—Meeting nights first and third Wednesday in each month. W. W. Griffin, pres't; R. W. Downard, sec.

Ivanhoe Commandery No. 8, Knight Templars—Meet 2nd Tuesday in each month. A. M. Rhodes, E. C.; H. G. Rhodes, Secretary.

W. T. Austin Chapter No. 87, R. A. M.—Meets third Monday in each month. N. B. Cole, H. P., Joe B. Reed, Sec'y.

Brazos Lodge No. 129, A. F. & A. M.—Meet fourth Monday in each month. Dr. Paul M. Raysor, W. M.; D. C. DeMaret, Sec'y.

Brazos Lodge No. 64, K. of P.—Meet first and third Tuesday in each month. E. J. Jenkins, C. C.; D. C. DeMaret, K. of R. & S.

Vulcan Lodge No. 37, A. O. U. W.—Meet second and fourth Thursday in each month. A. W. Hollman, M. W. W. J. Walker, recorder.

Bryan Lodge No. 1032, K. of H.—Meet first and third Thursday in each month. J. A. Myers, dictator; A. J. Platner, reporter.

Bryan Cotton Seed Oil Mill—J. N. Cole, president; James O. Chance, vice-president and treasurer; A. D. McConico, secretary.

Bryan Compress—Dr. J. W. Howell, president; W. E. Saunders, vice president; H. C. Robinson, secretary; R. S. Webb, treasurer; Walter Wipprecht, manager.

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Our own SARSAPARILLA is unsurpassed for a spring tonic. If you need a good liver pill try JAMES' ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

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Best on earth. HEAT POWDER, MOSQUITO LOTION, FLY PAPER, BED BUG EXTERMINATOR, BATH BRUSHES, SPONGES, TOILET SOAPS, PERFUMERY, ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

New Line Hammocks Very Cheap.

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Shop and Custom Made Shoes. I also handle northern shoes. I do all kinds of repairing work cheaper than any shoemaker in the county. Come and see me and I will give you satisfaction. I use nothing but the best White Oak sole leather. RUBBER HEELS SUPPLIED AND PUT ON.

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H. P. HUGHES, Trav. Passenger Agent, FT. WORTH, TEX.

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DR. PAUL M. RAYSOR, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Bryan, Texas.

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The green fruit and vegetable season with Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaints, Etc., is at hand, and everybody realizes its danger especially among children. There is no need for alarm if you have a bottle of

HALL'S CHOLERA MIXTURE and

HALL'S BABY CORDIAL.

At hand. These are a dead shot for the ailments above mentioned and no family should be without both. For Pure Drugs, Accurate Prescription Work, Standard Patent Medicines, Fine Perfumery and Toilet Articles the place is

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American Laundry,

Two doors south of Exchange hotel. Telephone 141.

Or postal brings our team.



"IT WAS A HORRIBLE SOUND."

determined to go down to Castle Garden, and perhaps there I might get a job, with influence, mind you. Armed with a letter from a friend of mine to the superintendent of the labor bureau, I placed myself in his hands. I had hopes that his interest, combined with my own personal appearance—for I had on my Sunday clothes—might get me a good and perhaps a permanent job.

"I will say I had not very long to wait, for a gentleman from Flushing, who entered the office, said he wanted a handy man, one having a knowledge of raising and caring for flowers preferred. Well, now, you know, I had some experience in the old country in flower gardening, and I told him I was just the man he wanted. He seemed impressed by my appearance, and I closed with him at his own price, \$30 a month. Then when I said I'd like to go home and tell my wife about where I was going he said that I was the fourteenth man he had hired who had given him the same story and had never come back. However, he said I could inform my wife by a postal card. So I wrote to her at once telling her not to be uneasy, as I would be back on Saturday evening. This was Monday. I was so agitated with the prospect of \$30 a month clear of my board and lodging that I forgot to put the address on the postal card.

"Well, my wife never got it, and to that I attribute my misfortunes. Believing that poor Mary's mind was easy, I entered upon my duties and got along all right, when the devil put it into my head to stay two weeks and then surprise Mary with my \$15. You can imagine her feelings in the meantime.

"Of course, not hearing from me, she made up her mind I had met with some accident. So she went to all the hospitals and the morgue looking for me. You can imagine the state of despair the poor soul—God bless her!—was in, for she knew that nothing but death or serious injury could keep me from her. But it might have been all right if Mrs. Mulroony, who lives on the top floor, had not on the tenth day of my absence entered the room where my poor wife was brooding and wailing over her misfortunes and begged Mary to compose herself."

"Which got her all worked up the more!" said Hughes cheerfully.

"Right you are," said Mulcahy, "for then, saying she would read something that might throw a light upon the mystery, she sprung this extract from a newspaper on poor Mary: 'Picked up in the Hudson river at the foot of Desbrosses street, the body of a man supposed to have been in the water six or eight days; diagonal coat and vest, gray trousers, congress gaiters, white socks, mustache and goatee, about 45 years old and 5 feet 9 inches in height. It was a perfect description of myself and my dress when I left home.'"

continued Mulcahy dolefully, "and I am informed that poor Mary went up and

gate of Calvary. I thought I would go into McMahon's, opposite the entrance, and get a glass of beer. On entering, who did I run up against but my poor wife, whom I did not recognize owing to the long veil extending to her feet. I'll never forget the yell she let out of her. It was a horrible sound."

"Evidently calculated to wake the dead!" persisted Gilligan, the irrepressible.

"Well, I was frightened nearly out of my wits. Not only from my wife, but from Mrs. Mulroony and two neighbors did I get this greeting in succession. So with that they got into the carriage. When I recovered from my bewilderment, I started for the coach, but the four of them screeched together, which frightened the horses to a gallop."

"And you started on a dead run after them," said Gilligan.

"You're right, I did! I ran with all my might. And then the driver began to whip the horses. So I wended my way home, much disturbed in mind, determined to find out the cause of my wife's and neighbors' strange actions. When I reached home I went up the stairs and found the door locked. I knocked, sharply. To the question, 'Who's there?' I said, 'It's me!' 'That voice!' and then a shriek and a dull thud. I knew from this that my poor wife had gone into hysterics from fright. So I called out to the others to come to the door or I would break it in. But only Mrs. Mulroony faced me. 'In God's name tell me what you are? Are you a ghost or a mirricle?' said she.

"I'm neither one nor the other. Mrs. Mulroony. I'm plain James Mulcahy."

"But how do you explain that you're here, when you're buried there in Calvary?"

"What!" I said. "Have I been waked and buried and I alive?" scarcely believing what I had heard. "Answer me, and quickly, too, Mrs. Mulroony!" And I looked her square in the eye.

"James," she said, "are you sure you are alive?"

"This was more than I could stand. So I put my shoulder to the door and burst it open. When I entered, the crowd of mourners consoling my poor wife broke away and fought with each other to get through the door, uttering shrieks and calling on their Maker for help. It was with great difficulty that I convinced Mary that I was still alive. She took to sobbing and lamenting and told me she had spent all but \$15 of the \$300, but said that I should not find fault with her, as she had no care for the money, thinking I was gone. I told her I found no fault indeed with her. Rather did I regard her with greater affection and was thankful that it had been my peculiar misfortune to be enabled to find out how much I was thought of after I had departed this life."

down like a rubber ball and screeched like a fire engine."

"Well, I was frightened nearly out of my wits. Not only from my wife, but from Mrs. Mulroony and two neighbors did I get this greeting in succession. So with that they got into the carriage. When I recovered from my bewilderment, I started for the coach, but the four of them screeched together, which frightened the horses to a gallop."

"And you started on a dead run after them," said Gilligan.

"You're right, I did! I ran with all my might. And then the driver began to whip the horses. So I wended my way home, much disturbed in mind, determined to find out the cause of my wife's and neighbors' strange actions. When I reached home I went up the stairs and found the door locked. I knocked, sharply. To the question, 'Who's there?' I said, 'It's me!' 'That voice!' and then a shriek and a dull thud. I knew from this that my poor wife had gone into hysterics from fright. So I called out to the others to come to the door or I would break it in. But only Mrs. Mulroony faced me. 'In God's name tell me what you are? Are you a ghost or a mirricle?' said she.

"I'm neither one nor the other. Mrs. Mulroony. I'm plain James Mulcahy."

"But how do you explain that you're here, when you're buried there in Calvary?"

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